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MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.]

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 11, 1885.

indeed, who may be criminally connected with it, and whose skirts will ever bear the stain of this prematurely shed blood. We envy not the emotions of the proprietor of the gambling saloon, or the trader in alcoholic poisons. We wonder how they can sleep nights with the shrieks of those whom they have destroyed, soul and body, ringing in their ears. We should think the sound of a pistol would be like a voice of doom to the men who make merchandise of human lives, and are forced to witness each earth some of the frightful consequences of their daily traffic. But after all, the victims themselves are responsible. They have voluntarily placed themselves in the clutches of these fiends. They have been constantly warned that the end of the indulgences "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." They have had, along their experience, awful object lessons, picturing and prophesying their own certain ruin.

The Congregational Publishing Society issues, in a neat little tract, the list of lessons in the International Series for 1886, with the golden texts and a number of suggestive titles — the books of the Bible, its chronology, the ten commandments, etc. The lessons for next year continue the Old Testament history, one quarter, and the remaining Sabbaths are devoted to the Gospel of St. John, with closing lessons in the Revelations.

Arrangements are being made for grand missionary conventions, on the New Boston district. The first will be held at L. ell, Dec. 2, at which Chaplain McCabe, Baldwin, Bro. Scott, Dr. Peirce and others will deliver addresses. The second will be held Dec. 10, at Fitchburg, and the 3rd missionary secretary, Rev. J. M. Reid, D. and others will participate. It is hoped brethren from the New Hampshire Conference will attend these meetings.

Messrs. L. Prang & Co. have commemorated, in a very attractive form, the late victory of the American yacht "Puritan" over her English competitor, the "Ganesta." Mr. Wm. F. Halsall, a superior marine painter, has chosen the moment of the "finch," as reproduced, in a very spirited manner, the actual appearance of the beautiful flying vessel as they came rushing through the boiling

Hall, Somerset St., on Monday, Nov. 16, 1885, at 6 p. m., Ladies are invited. Rev. Orrin P. Gifford, pastor of the Warren Ave. Church, and others will make addresses.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union held a magnificent rally in Faneuil Hall on Monday afternoon, as our columns were being closed up. The old cradle of liberty was filled above and below, and was rocked like ancient times under the enthusiastic applause of the hour. We could only remain for an hour, but heard in that time noble addresses from Miss F. E. Willard, Mrs. Foster and

Now it will be remembered by all concerned for the welfare and good name of these charges, that when their pastors met at

First Church. — "An Evening with Travelers," was the theme of the even-

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The Family.

ALICE.

BY MRS. J. B. HILL.

It is just one year ago this month,
As autumn winds began to sigh,
And brown October's withered leaves
Upon the ground did thickly lie,
That our fair Alice passed away
To realms of everlasting day."

The chilling hand of fell disease
Laid hold upon our gentle one,
And wither'd fast the opening bud,
Ere life to her was well begun;
Ah, me! the treasure most we prize
As soonest 'twas to Paradise.

"Yes, I would live if God so will,
For life seems full of promise sweet,
And this fair earth in beauty dressed,
Has scarce been trodden by my feet;
For mother and for friends so dear
I'd seek to tarry longer here."

So wilted not God; He bade her come
To the gentle Shepherd's fold;
She could not walk through earth's rough
way,

Her feet must tread the streets of gold.
"I'm willing," said the dying one;
"My Father, let Thy will be done!"

When sands of time were almost run,
And heaven's gates within her view,
She bade her mother follow her,
She bade her read God's record true
Of his dear Son, who lived and died,
For our sins was crucified."

"Then sing once more the hymns I love,
Sing 'Safe upon His gentle breast,'
The home beyond is in my sight,
I weary now and long for rest.
Then farewell, mother, do not weep;
This is not death. I only sleep."

Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet
To wake where shining angels throng
The golden streets, and mansions fair
Re-echo with the glad song,
And heaven's arches loudly ring
In praise to our Lord and King!

Ah, no, we will not mourn thy loss,
We rather envy thy pure joy;
Thy path through life is dear and long,
There is no work without alloy;
And we must work, and watch, and pray
Till dawn for us a brighter day.

Yes, heaven is precious, Alice dear;
One by one are gathering there
All our faintest and our dearest;
Soon we hope this home to share;
Then shall we see thee strong and bright,
Basking in the "eternal light."

Livermore Falls, Me.

A CONSECRATED LIFE.

BY REV. JAMES TEAMES.

In an interesting article by Rev. Dr. Draper, recently published in ZION'S HERALD, allusion is made to the memorials to Anne Lutton, which beautify and enrich the Portland Methodist chapel, Bristol, Eng. The more practical of these memorials is the Lutton Memorial Hall, which provides a lecture-room and class-rooms for the Portland society. But exquisitely beautiful, and perpetuating a precious memory and thus bearing valuable testimony, is the marble mural tablet which bears the following inscription:—

To the loved memory of
ANNE,
Youngest daughter of
Ralph Lutton, Esq.,
Born at Moira, Co. Down, Ireland,
December 16th, 1791.
Entered into rest
At Llanberis Villa, Gwynedd, Bristol,
August 2nd, 1881, aged 89 years.
"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." Daniel 12: 3.

Erected by her friend, Jane Hicks Westcott.

Yet another proof of her love and veneration for her friend Miss Westcott given in the goodly volume, "Memorials of a Consecrated Life," a book of more than five hundred pages, now in its second edition.

As the book is not generally accessible to American readers, a summarized view of the beautiful and remarkable life whose story it records may be welcomed.

Miss Lutton was an almost perfect type of the Christian gentleman. She was characterized by remarkable intellectual vigor, possessing a masculine mind, which she diligently cultivated and stored. Yet she was a true woman; sweetly tender and childlike, while earnestly devoted and courageously consistent. The letters, poems, and diary, which constitute the larger portion of the biography, furnish abundant evidence of the activity and influence of her intellectual powers; while they are replete with a subtle and exquisite fragrance of piety which reveals an intensely spiritual nature, living in close communion with God.

Anne Lutton came of an ancient English family, which bore its coat-of-arms and motto, "Malo mori quam foedari" (Death before dishonor), as far back as the times of the Crusades. The Irish branch of the family was founded by the brothers Ralph and William Lutton, who accompanied William III to Ireland in 1690. Anne was one of thirteen children, one of whom, Robert, entered the Methodist ministry in America, dying in 1859. Moira, the little town where Anne Lutton was born, consisted of one long street, ornamented on each side by a row of lime-trees. At the lower end of the town, two gates opening upon long avenues of tall trees, stood opposite to each other. Eched to a noble building, one the parish church, the other the castle of the Earl of Moira. A long green vista, lovely lawn beneath and umbrageous arches above, thus stretched from mansion to temple. The town was so encompassed by plantations, that Miss Lutton said it was difficult to decide, as you drew near to it, whether it was "a wood in a town or a town in a wood."

In the year 1756, John Wesley visited Moira, and the Earl sent to the clergyman to request the key of the church, that Mr. Wesley might preach to the people. The curate refused the key, and often afterward boasted that even to oblige a nobleman he would not tolerate the Methodists. The Earl, greatly annoyed, was determined that Mr. Wesley should be heard, and therefore sent the bellman through the town to summon the people to the lawn before the castle; and from the top of a long flight of steps leading to the grand entrance-hall, Mr. Wesley preached to the assembly.

It was nearly forty years after, that Methodism was introduced into the home of the Luttons. One Sunday morning just after church service, a stranger was seen to ride up to the principal inn and dismount, giving his horse to the ostler. Unstrapping a huge pair of saddle-bags, he hung them over his arm, and entered the house. The plainly-dressed stranger with his mysterious saddle-bags excited the interest and curiosity of the youngsters in an adjoining house, and they ran to report the matter to their father. He guessed it might be a Methodist preacher, and as those itinerant evangelists were generally poor, and the good man might not order a dinner, he suggested to his wife that the stranger should be invited to a place at their board. The invitation was given and accepted, and Mr. John Grace, Methodist preacher, helped to make up the round dozen who sat at the hospitable table in the Moira mansion that day.

Miss Lutton thus writes of this incident: "That memorable Sabbath when my father invited the Methodist preacher to come in and eat bread with him, was the beginning of days 'at a house-hold which had hitherto 'sat in darkness.' They were all charmed with the winning manners and sweet conversation of their guest. He attracted them and held them fast bound by some secret spell they never felt before. He seemed to awaken new powers of mind, and give new subjects for thought and converse. The little circle sat wondering, and delighted to find that religion was not clad in sable, repulsive and exacting. The voice of the stranger opened on their hearts like the gentle breeze stealing over the chords of an Æolian harp, producing soft music, soothing and subduing. From that day the Methodist preachers were regularly entertained at my father's house; and as no chapel was then, nor for many years afterwards, built in that little town, his parlor and hall were the places where sat the congregation, whilst the laborious and pious men of God sought to save the souls of them that heard them."

Mr. Lutton was a tall, stately man, a scholar and a linguist. He had also a good voice and fine musical taste. He was partially blind from cataract, and through life required to be led when out of doors.

Taken to church when almost an infant, Anne Lutton was also early introduced to the Wesleyan preaching on Sunday evenings. Both parents were steady adherents of the Established Episcopal Church, and both were also members of the Methodist society. From their tenderest infancy the children of the Lutton household were trained to meet in class and attend all other religious ordinances. Anne thus refers to this parental discipline: "I do not presume to say whether or not this was a judicious plan. I can only bear testimony to its usefulness in my own case, and I believe I shall bless God whilst I have being in it was not left to choose my religion for myself, without the advantage of those early impressions which were made on my mind in the select and solemn means of grace with which I was privileged, and into which I might never have entered had not the kind, constraining hand of a beloved mother led me."

Under the preaching of the Methodists both the curate of the parish and his wife were converted. The clergyman stole in at first to hear the evangelists; then, grown more bold, sat on the chair behind which stood the humble minister. Led to seek his own salvation, he afterwards labored incessantly for the souls of others, and in his church, as well as in barns and cottages, proclaimed Christ crucified.

Who can estimate the blessing which came to this home, whose doors had been opened for the ark of the Lord? Mrs. Lutton often sat with her eleven children around her, listening to the word of life. How glad must have been the meeting in bliss of parents, children, and the beloved preachers of Christ, who had so often worshipped together in the nappy home!

In the year 1811, Mr. Lutton and his family removed to Donaghcloney, on a small farm of his own, skirted by the river Lagan. Anne had been early smitten with the *coccythos scribendi*. Her earliest effort was an epitaph on a mouse, written in her fifth year, or rather, printed on a slate, which was placed as a monumental slab above the mouse's grave. It was just after the removal to the new home that a circumstance occurred which greatly influenced her future mental pursuits.

From childhood she had a great desire to learn those languages, a few words from which occasionally occurred in the books which she read. From various causes the opportunity to gratify this desire failed to be presented.

One day, while arranging a portion of her father's library, she came upon a soiled and dilapidated copy of "Lily's Latin Grammar." It called for uncommon perseverance to come at its contents, so much had it suffered from use and abuse of schools, the subsequent buffeting from corner to corner, the mildew of neglect and the perforations of wormish marauders. With the assistance of her father she studied and conquered the Latin grammar, and in succession read all the Roman classics.

Next she attacked the Greek language. Procuring a grammar, she soon read the New Testament; then the "Iliad" of Homer, not omitting a line nor leaving a word obscure; then part of the "Odyssey." "The road was now open to me; my latent taste had found its means of gratification; and the subordinate business of my life seemed to be a strenuous and incessant pursuit of knowledge, through the medium of new languages. . . . My father greatly encouraged me to go on in my favorite en-

gagement, and as there were no obstacles from the opposition of my friends, and nothing else particularly incumbent, I learned, in addition to Latin and Greek, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German; and read some of the best writers in these languages. Then I read Hebrew, Samaritan, Syriac, Arabic, and Persian. With these I have long been conversant. (These autobiographical reminiscences were written in 1834, in Miss Lutton's forty-third year.) Chaldean came in naturally, and I have also done a little at Æthiopic, Hindustani, Russian and Irish.

The question as to the utility of such studies will certainly suggest itself. As Miss Lutton never became a teacher or a writer, and never paraded her scholarship, it might possibly appear to some that her energies had been misdirected, and her time thrown away. She anticipates such an inquiry, and remarks: "I look on the whole as a training process, singularly marked out by Divine Providence, and conducting powerfully to my preparation for higher and more hallowed duties. . . . By my love of languages meeting its gratification, and maintaining its successive victories through years of happy toil, I have had my mind drawn off the little and the low engrossments of the world; commencing as it did at a period of my life when want of occupation otherwise marked out for me might have been ruinous to my future peace and comfort. It has also tended to make me more capable of enduring, more courageous in doing, and more persevering in everything I felt assured I ought to undertake. It put me to strictest discipline. Often did I rise at four o'clock in the depth of winter, and wrap myself as warmly as I could, and, without fire, work diligently at my books till the family had arisen and domestic oversight called me to the household. Every fragment of time was seized; my pockets were divided and subdivided for books, that in intervals of other matters I could find a word or ponder a sentence. The day was partitioned out conscientiously; and as soon as the allotted time was expired for each thing, nothing could induce me to continue the study, no matter how congenial or absorbing."

Miss Lutton had, also, a musical taste, which she gratified by teaching herself to play the flute! She also read three or four books of Euclid, but metaphysics were even more attractive than mathematics.

It was in 1815 that Anne Lutton entered upon the full enjoyment of God's forgiving love. Of the long, consistent, and useful life, prolonged for forty-five years after her conversion, we cannot now speak. As a preacher of Christ to her own sex, a class-leader, and earnest Christian worker, she well filled "her allotted space." For eighteen years before her death, she was unable to write, save by the hand of an amanuensis; but her soul walked in unclouded light, and the end was bright with the presages of the unending day. To some passages in this remarkable and blessed career we may refer in another article.

ly, and went away from earth's toil to wear a victor's crown. And now their marble shafts from the far-distant lands of Syria, China, and Oregon are pointing heavenward.

The Little Folks.

THE LITTLE HERO.

BY EMMA W. BUNSTRA.

It was the last hour Friday afternoon, and, as usual, the boys in Miss Moulton's class laid aside their books and looked eagerly toward her.

This noisy, fun-loving class of boys had been a sore trial to her for several months. How she could reach them and mould their characters, letting the seed drop into the rich soil, had been a question that had puzzled her for some time. In vain she had tried one plan after another which had worked successfully in former years, but to no avail seemingly, and it was with a weary and discouraged heart that she had gone home after a particularly trying day, and throwing herself into a chair, gave up to the discouragement pressing so sorely upon her. "What shall I do for those boys? Oh, what shall I do?" was her cry.

Growing calmer, she busied herself with her mail, when her eye lighted on a little book given her by a friend a few weeks previous. Opening it, these words met her gaze: "Interest your boys in something. Let them feel that you depend on them and need their help and judgment." So she went to her work Monday morning with a new purpose, and the boys, catching the inspiration, were less troublesome than usual.

Day by day the plan deepened and broadened, and many were the little surprises and novel ways of introducing the lesson; keep their interest, not the least of which was the last hour Friday afternoon, when Miss Moulton gave up entirely to them, sometimes reading a story, or bringing photographs and engravings and giving an illustrative lesson of travels in other countries, till the boys came to look upon that hour as the most interesting and important of the whole week.

A secret committee was appointed for each Friday, and on this particular day there had been some profound mystery about it, so it was not to be wondered at that the boys had been somewhat excited during the study and recitation hours, and the hands of the clock had never seemed to move so slowly before. But at last it struck three. Books and papers were quickly laid aside, and the attention of the sixty impatient scholars was directed towards the desk where Miss Moulton sat, patiently deciphering some of the hieroglyphics in their weekly examination papers.

As she glanced up and met the earnest eyes of her boys, she smiled and said,—"I thought you would like something entirely new this week, so I have arranged for a debate, for I have noticed that you have been particularly interested in the recent bills that have come before the Legislature, and from some remarks I happened to overhear the other day, I found out that some of you have kept watch of the discussions. I have let Charlie Drew and James Loring into the secret, as they were the committee appointed for this week, and shall call upon them to open the discussion; and then any boy who has anything to say may rise, and I will call upon you in turn. No one can speak over two minutes except Charlie and James, who can each have five. Remember, you must address the chair when you begin."

"Chair!" "Which chair?" exclaimed several excited voices.

"Oh, I forgot that you were not all familiar with the terms," replied Miss Moulton. "Who can tell me what we mean by the chair?"

"I can," cried George Stoddard. "They always say 'Mr. Speaker' or 'Mr. President.'"

"Yes, and the chair means the chairman or president who occupies it," replied Miss Moulton, opening her watch and laying it on the desk. "The subject we have taken this afternoon is, 'Who are the greatest heroes that ever lived, and see how much you can say for your favorite heroes in five minutes.'"

"I think," said Charlie as he came forward, "that the greatest heroes are those who fought famous battles, as Alexander the Great, Napoleon, and the Spartans. They were so brave and strong. It must be grand to march with an immense army across countries up to a walled city and then break down the walls and conquer it. It takes a good deal of courage to march up to the cannon's mouth or right on the enemy's spears, when maybe the next cannon-ball will kill you."

And as Charlie enlarged on his theme his face brightened with animation and enthusiasm, his eyes sparkled, and as he spoke his seat amidst a burst of applause, he half-unconsciously felt some-what of a hero himself.

"Now, James, you may speak next," said Miss Moulton, and James Loring, a quiet, manly boy, took the stand just vacated by Charlie.

"At first I thought, too, that Napoleon was the greatest hero, and so I went over to see Uncle Ned who fought in the Rebellion, and he told me that the mothers and wives who sent their husbands and sons to the war were greater heroes than those who fought. He said, too, that it took more courage to stand the long marches without food and water, with the sun beating down so that the sand would almost scorch one's feet, than it did to be in the thickest shower of bullets, for there is something thrilling and inspiring in a battle, and however much a man might dread a battle, he forgot all about it when it once began. So I had to strike out Napoleon and Alexander the Great and all the others from my list. Then I remembered Martin Luther, and how he suffered for the truth and religion. It is a great deal harder to bear reproach and cruel suffering than to fight, so I think that those

who suffered martyrdom were the greatest heroes."

As James took his seat half a dozen boys were on their feet, each eager to be the first to speak, and amidst the waving of hands it was rather difficult to tell who should have the floor, but it was finally decided in favor of John Carter, who said:—

"Now I think that Columbus was the greatest hero, for he went out to encounter difficulties on an unknown sea, not knowing whether he would ever reach land or not, and when the provisions gave out and the crew were all discouraged and began to blame and taunt him, and grew so desperate they were ready to throw him overboard and return, he went right on and finally saw signs of land. His discovery has advanced civilization, agriculture, commerce, and all the industries and arts. He is the greatest discoverer that ever lived, and every one is proud to honor him."

"But I think that the Arctic explorers, Kane and Greely, who went to discover the open Polar Sea, were greater than Columbus, even if he did discover America," replied George Stoddard, who was the next to speak; "for they suffered such hardships amid the icebergs with the thermometer 60 degrees below zero. It was almost certain death as they wandered about in that ice-bound region, especially when after long months of waiting and anxious watching no relief came, and they were reduced to starvation. Greely was the bravest man that ever lived."

"But Gordon was braver," broke in Larry Wheeler. "He could not even trust those whom he thought were friends."

"Wait, Larry," said Miss Moulton, checking him. "We must let George have his two minutes. Your turn will come soon."

"I guess Larry's right," continued George. "I forgot all about Gordon. Wasn't he brave, though, when he held Khartoum for nearly a year?"

"That's so!" "And Livingston!" "And Stanley," shouted one and another.

"Time is up," interrupted Miss Moulton, hardly able to restrain the boys, and as they each had their turn to speak, the majority were in favor of Greely and Gordon, leaving Napoleon in the background, while Luther was entirely forgotten, for the charms of life among the wilds of Africa and the dangers of the polar regions, appealed with greater force to the imagination of the boys, and the gong struck all too soon. It was only with the promise of another debate next week that they finally gathered their books together and dispersed.

Miss Moulton watched them as they separated into little groups, each animatedly continuing the discussion. The one that especially attracted her attention was composed of James and Charlie, Larry Wheeler, John Carter and Fred Norton.

"Don't you wish we could go to Africa or the North Pole?" asked Larry, as they turned the corner which hid them from her sight.

"Don't I, though!" shouted John. "Wouldn't it be grand to shoot a wild animal once in a while?"

"But I shouldn't want to meet any cannibals or have the animals come too near," said Fred.

"Pooh! You'd never be a hero," sneeringly responded Charlie. "You'd run away now if you saw a bear come out of that trunk," pointing to a huge hollow log which lay in their way. "I'd like to see one now; wouldn't I give him a rap on the head with my club! But a fellow never has a chance. When I get as big as brother Will I'll go to Africa."

"How'll you get there?" asked Larry.

"Run away, if I can't go any other way. There's no chance here."

"Well, I think, somehow," said James, "that we can be heroes without running away or getting lost in some foreign country, as all the great explorers seem to do; only I don't quite understand how. But I mean to ask Uncle Ned."

"Well, good-by, old fellow!" replied Charlie as they parted at Larry's gate. "When you get to be a hero we'll crown you with laurel and write your biography and call it 'Larry the Famous.'"

[Concluded next week.]

TWO LITTLE SIMPLETONS.

Two little sisters were Bessie and May. The sweetest of sweet little girls; Their faces perhaps no great beauty could boast, But both had the loveliest curls.

One day an old gentleman called on mamma. An intimate friend, who had brought For his two little pets, two beautiful dolls, Which he in the city had bought.

"Oh! Oh!" exclaimed Bessie, "how lovely! Oh! dear Mr. Spring, you're so good! I wish that we could give something to you."

And said May, "How I wish that we could!"

And old Mr. Spring, who was fond of a joke, Said slyly, "Look here, little girls, Just see my poor head; it's as bald as your head, Come, why can't you give me your curls?"

And after he'd laughed at their look of dismay, He turned to mamma, and forgot What he'd said to the two little darlings in play; But the two little darlings did not.

They crept to the nursery—the nurse was away. But a great pair of scissors was there, They climbed on two chairs which they pushed to the glass, And gazed on their beautiful hair.

Then clip went the scissors and off went the curls, Then, who ever saw such a sight? With hair all cut jagged, in some places bald, Each child was a terrible fright.

While the floor was all strewn with the beautiful hair, Mixed together, the gold and the brown—Then each little girl having chosen her own, To the parlor they both hurried down. Mamma gave a scream when she saw them appear.

"Why, children! What under the sun?" And old Mr. Spring looked almost when he saw The mischief his joking had done.

—ALICE P. CARTER, in *Our Little Men and Women*.

Miscellany.

The Everlasting Arms.

One great purpose in all affliction is to bring us down to the everlasting arms. What new strength and peace it gives us to feel them underneath us! We know that, far as we may have sunk, we cannot go any farther. Those mighty arms can not only hold us; they can lift us up; they can carry us along. Faith, in its essence, is simply a resting on the everlasting arms. It is trusting that not our own weakness. The sublime act of Jesus as our Redeemer was to descend to the lowest depths of human depravity and guilt and to bring up His redeemed ones from that horrible pit in His loving arms. Faith is just clinging to those arms and nothing more. —Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D. D.

The Value of a Cent.

It is astonishing how small a sum will square individual accounts, if it can only be set in motion. In one of our business offices, the office-boy owed one of the clerks three cents; the clerk owed the cashier two cents, and the cashier owed the office-boy two cents.

One day the office-boy, having a cent in his pocket, concluded to diminish his debt, and handed the cent to the clerk, who, in turn, paid half his debt by giving the coin to the cashier.

The cashier handed the cent back to the office-boy, saying, "Now, I owe you only one cent." The office-boy again passed the cent to the clerk saying, "Now I owe you one cent more." The clerk passed it to the cashier, saying, "This squares our account." The cashier handed it on to the office-boy saying, "And this squares ours." The boy passed it on to the clerk saying, "Now we are square." And so the debts were all paid with one cent. —Selected.

Influence.

Throw a pebble on the stream, See the widening circles gleam! Each one clasps a sunny beam.

Do a kindly deed, and shining Influence opens round it, twining In each curve a heavenly thing.

As a rose in gentle living To the air its sweetness giving, Does not feel its whole achieving, So, heart of love, thy faithful clinging Knows not how its fragrance winging Wakes the desert into singing.

—Julia K. Wing.

Fairs and Festivals.

We regard it as an improper and hurtful method for providing for the support of the Gospel, not to be done if it can possibly be avoided. We further believe that it can be avoided in most cases by willingness on the part of the people to do their duty, and that the substitution of fairs and festivals for the free gifts of the people in the discharge of their duty, has a tendency to diminish the sense of obligation and a willingness to comply therewith. We are not prepared, however, to say that there are not situations where the people are really so poor and so small in numbers that they cannot support the preaching of the Gospel, and where the people outside of the church bear such a relation to the work that they will not voluntarily subscribe, but will patronize fairs and festivals; and that under such circumstances, it is wrong, as a temporary expedient, to hold such a festival, properly conducted, we are not prepared to maintain. —Christian Advocate.

Death.

"Death is not the extinction of being, but only the termination of one mode of it, and the commencement of another; the transition from time to eternity, from a course of action to a sentence of retribution. When the dust returns to the dust whence it was, the spirit returns to God who gave it. Then the divine fiat runs: 'He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still.' Pause, consider, and 'lay hold on eternal life.'"

What One Woman Did.

Some years ago in a foreign city, horses were continually slipping on the smooth and icy pavement of a steep hill, and what loaded wagons and carts were constantly moving. Yet no one seemed to think of any better remedy than to beat and curse the poor animals who tugged, and pulled, and slipped on the hard stones.

No one thought of a better way, except a poor old woman, who lived at the foot of the hill. It hurt her so to see the poor horses slip and fall on the slippery pavement, that every morning, old and feeble as she was, with trembling steps she climbed the hill and emptied her sashpan and such ashes as she could collect from her neighbors, on the smoothest spot.

At first the teamsters paid her very little attention, but after a little they began to look for her, to appreciate her kindness, and to be ashamed of their own cruelty, and to listen to her requests that they would be more gentle to their beasts.

The town officials heard of the old lady's work, and they were ashamed too, and set to work leveling the hill and reopening the pavement. Prominent men came to know what the old woman had done, and it suggested to them an organization for doing such work as the old lady had inaugurated. All this made the teamsters so grateful, that they went among their employers and others with a subscription paper, and raised a fund that brought the old lady an annuity for life. So one poor old woman and her sashpan not only kept the poor over-loaded horses from falling, and stopped the blows and curses of their drivers, but made every animal in the city more comfortable, improved and beautified the city itself, and excited an epoch of good feeling and kindness, the end of which no one can tell. —Exchange.

A Time for All Things.

Timeliness is as important as fitness. The right thing may become wrong unless it is in the right time. Look well to the time of doing anything; there is a time for all things. Choose the right time for saying things. If your wife looks weary and worn out, be sure it is not the right time to tell her that the dinner is not hot, or that the bread is sour. Comfort her—cheer her up. Use the ten thousand little stratagems you were wont to handle so skillfully in the

old days to bring out the smiles around her lips.

If you are annoyed or vexed at people, just remember it is not the right time to speak. Close your mouth—shut your teeth together firmly, and it will save you many a useless and unavailing regret and many a bitter enemy.

If you happen to feel a little cross—and who among us does not, at some time or other?—do not select that season for reproving your noisy household.

One word spoken in passion will make a scar that a summer of smiles can hardly heal over.

If you are a wife, never tease your husband when he comes home weary, from his day's business. It is not the right time. Do not ask him for expensive outlays when he has been talking about hard times—it is, most assuredly, the wrong time.

If he has entered upon an undertaking against your advice, do not select on the moment of its failure to say, "I told you so!" In fact, it is never the right time for those four monosyllables.

O, if people only knew enough to discriminate between the right time and the wrong, there would be less domestic unhappiness, less silent sorrow, and less estrangement of heart. The greatest calamities that overshadow our lives as apparently slight as this. If you would only pause, reader, before the stinging taunt, or the biting sneer, or the unkind scold passes your lips—pause just long enough to ask yourself, "Is it the right time for me to speak?" you would shut the door against many a heart ache.

The world hinges on little things, and there are many more trivial than the right time and the wrong. —Selected.

A NOVEMBER EVENING.

The autumn night is dark and cold; The wind blows loud; the year grows old; The dead leaves whirl and rustle and die; The cricket's chirp is long and shrill; The stars that were so soft and warm in Matter and haze of gathering storm, And now, within the homes of men, The sacred hearth-fires gleam again, Absorbent, warm, and friendly gleam, Within the charmed circle meet.

The children watch with new delight The first fire, dancing redly bright; That drives away the dark and cold; And Grace's slender fingers hold A braided fan from Mexico, To make the broader flames dare and glow.

Aunt, alive, they leap and run Like fierce bright streamers of the sun; They shine on Robert's placid face, And tint the pensive cheek of Grace, And chase away the doubtful gloom From every corner of the room.

O pleasant thought!—that far and near Are gathered 'round each hearthstone dear, Bright faces, happy smiles, and eyes Sweet with the glow of summer's memories! O only altar fire of home! The fire that warms the children round, Your charm for them shall still endure With love so strong no power can sure. —CELIA THAXTER, in *St. Nicholas* for November.

\$1,000,000 FOR MISSIONS FOR THE YEAR 1885.

MISSION NOTES.

The Presbyterian Church has twelve physicians in China.

It is reported that there are thirty missionaries in India who are sons of missionaries, and thirteen of them are supported

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MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATIONS.

PENOBSCOT VALLEY MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.

The Penobscot Valley Ministerial Association held its autumn meeting with the church in Brewer, Oct. 12-14. Rev. G. G. Winslow presided at the first meeting from the text, "They have their reward." After devotional services the following morning, the association organized with the choice of Rev. W. T. Jewell, president, and Rev. A. A. Lewis, secretary.

The first subject taken up was, "The Special Hardships of the Itinerancy." A very practical paper on the subject was read by W. W. Day. In the discussions following the paper, all agreed with the essays that our hardships are few and not worthy of mention. Rev. W. T. Jewell read a very able paper on "The Rights of our Preachers and Churches in Reference to Appointments." Rev. Williams, Besse and Ladd, in earnest, glowing sentences, showed us "Our Duty as Preachers in Relation to the Enforcement of the Sunday Law." Bro. E. S. Walker, of La-grange circuit, printed out in a well-written paper, "The Hindrances to Revival Work."

A good religious earnestness prevailed from the beginning of the term. The teachers are overtaxed with work, and should be relieved by an addition to their numbers. The Methodists of East Maine cannot afford to allow their faithful workers to break down through excess of labor, or to be compelled to accept tempting offers of situations elsewhere. No one followed the host of board is provided at lower rates than (or far as we are acquainted) on any other camp-ground within the Maine Conference. It is not a summer resort. The people, for the most part, dwell in tents, and come together to honor God. This, with the usual presence of a large number of ministerial brethren, and, above all, the blessing of God, make it a meeting of old-time character. It is known as an old-fashioned camp-meeting.

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Cuticura

A POSITIVE CURE

for every form of SKIN DISEASE, FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

ECZEMA, or Salt Rheum, with its agonizing itching and burning, instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unobstructed, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure.

Scabies, Tetter, Ringworm, Poriasis, Eczema, Pruritus, Scall Head, Dandruff, and every species of itching, Scaly and Pimply Humors of the skin and scalp, with Loss of Hair, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50 cents; SOAP, 25 cents; RESOLVENT, \$1.00. Prepared by the POTTER DING AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, has made the following cures, proof of which the proprietors can furnish on application.

Toothache.....in 5 Minutes
Earache....." 2 "
Backache....." 2 Hours
Lameness....." 2 Days
Coughs....." 20 Minutes
Hoarseness....." 1 Hour
Colds....." 24 Hours
Sore Throat....." 12 "
Deafness....." 2 Days
Pain of Burn....." 5 Minutes
Pain of Scald....." 5 "

Croup it will ease in 5 minutes, and positively cure any case when used as the outset.

Remember that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is only 50 cents per bottle, and one bottle will go farther than half a dozen of an ordinary medicine.

DR. S. T. BIRMINGHAM,
Native Botanic Physician.

(Formerly of Cambridge St.)

Such a practical and well-known physician as Dr. Birmingham, who for 30 years past has successfully treated thousands of cases of sickness, needs but little or no advertising to enlarge his business. But for the sake of

